

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Subscription Office: 704 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1896, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 5330. (Private Branch Exchange.)
The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday: 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, \$1.05 per year.
Daily without Sunday: 25 cents per month, \$2.50 per year.
Sunday without Daily: 10 cents per month, \$1.00 per year.
No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications, and no communication to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer. Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if necessary, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.
All communications intended for this paper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1906.

Pull Together.

No great battle was ever won by a divided army. Napoleon mowed his troops, and only lost when he essayed to meet the enemy without his fullest strength. Washington ought to profit by the lesson of Waterloo.

There are in this city several commercial organizations. They are all good, in their way, and all are offered by men who have the development and progress of the National Capital close to their hearts. They have achieved some results, and yet, after all, their power and influence is lessened by the fact that they are working as separate organizations. In view of the fact that we are now determined to build up a Greater Washington, is not the time ripe for a consolidation of these associations into one great instrument for advancing the city's welfare? Other cities point the way. In Indianapolis, for instance, the Commercial Club is a vital, influential factor in the city's growth. Its club-house is a magnificent structure, carrying conviction to the mind of every visitor that the Indianapolis business men are progressive and prosperous. Why cannot Washington go and do likewise?

If the effort to stimulate the commercial spirit of Washington is to be successful, it will be necessary to sink all personal ambitions and forget all rivalries. The present business organizations can well afford to merge all their individualities into one great association, headed by some broad-minded, public-spirited man whose name will be an earnest of splendid achievement. An institution of this character, imbued with a lively spirit of devotion to the city's welfare, could accomplish much. It could, for instance, build a home for itself which would be a credit to the city and an attraction to the would-be buyer from abroad. It would impress Congress with its strength, because it would speak with the voice of authority. In addition to all this, and perhaps most important of all, it would elevate our commercial life to a commanding plane and thus exert a beneficial effect upon the whole community.

We want solidarity, cohesiveness, an army moving forward in convincing masses. In other words, we must pull together. Any other course will lead away from the glorious culmination which is the desire of our hearts.

We shudder to think of the many terrible things that are not going to happen to New York, no matter which way the thing goes.

Clearing-house for Thoughts.

From Chicago comes news which should cause the most hardened pessimist to sit up and think his wayward eyes. It relates to no less a matter than the establishment in that city of what is described as "an international thought clearing-house, where thinkers may have their doubtful thoughts confirmed, condensed, atoned, and turned in good order." The World's New Thought Federation is responsible for this latest addition to the wonders of moral and mental advancement, and it is further stated that "the federation wants people to send in hazy mental impressions for which they cannot account," with the end in view of obtaining "information of real psychological value."

We do not like to believe that the Federation's remarkable scheme springs vague and impotent from "the mad pride of intellectuality," for the reason that, if feasible, the scheme would open a short cut in the direction of mental development, and within a period of two or three generations at most would lead us free from the sordid stains of this sinful world in the longed-for millennium. No; let us rather hope that the World's New Thought Federation can deliver the goods. Then, with the machinery of the thought refinery in good working order, the commercial and industrial life will have himself to blame if he fails to make his thoughts an uplifting force out of the gutter in the busy avenues of industry. The minister of the Gospel will find a way to satisfy the spiritual cravings of every hungry soul. No longer will a bewildered and headstrong flock wander among dogmatic brambles and entangle their feet in worldly snares. The spellbinder likewise, at last untrammelled by hazy mental impressions for which he cannot account, will meet the gleaming sky as a blithe as any lark. His bugle call will move the masses far along the craggy slopes of human progress, till by comparison the breezy call of incense-breathing morn will be frazzled into the noisome semblance of a beery howl from the cool, sequestered shade of the gashouse.

And the editor of the future? No more perfunctory skills and lay sermons and diatribes—no more half-baked statements and conclusions and pert paragraphs for him. He will be all right. It will cheer and almost inebriate the steady citizen—Old Subscriber, Vox Populi, and that ilk—to find the editorial columns of his favorite paper always gushing full of sifted thoughts to which no exception may be taken by the most zealous defender of free institutions and the flag we all adore. We can almost believe that his words, even before they leave the New Thought newboy's hands, will be echoed back from the reverberating future, stamped in letters of living light with the hall-mark of posterity. His trenchant quill will be a trenchant quill indeed—a quill of quality—a goose-bone, as it were, vocal with songs of good cheer and the rejuvenescence of this worlded old earth into a sweet-scented sphere where every prospect pleases and man is never vile.

A scientist states that every human being has within his body a "squad of microbe policemen, whose duty it is to arrest the mischievous microbes." We presume one would never be sick if these policemen did not occasionally go to sleep on their beats.

rest the mischievous microbes." We presume one would never be sick if these policemen did not occasionally go to sleep on their beats.

Right on the heels of the announcement that Judge Parker is praying for Hughes' election, Mr. Cortelyou ran over to New York for the purpose of "looking the situation over."

Better Feeling in Japan.

Secretary Root, with his customary promptness and straightforwardness, took pains to reassure the Japanese government immediately on hearing from Ambassador Wright of the strong feeling evoked in Japan by the action of the San Francisco authorities in excluding a Japanese child from the public schools. In a note dated October 23, Mr. Root directed Mr. Wright to "assure the government of Japan in most positive terms that the government of the United States will not for the moment entertain the idea of any treatment of the Japanese people other than that accorded to the people of the most friendly European nation, and that there is no reason to suppose that the people of the United States desire our government to take any different course." The Secretary in his note alluded to the "purely local and occasional nature" of the San Francisco affair, and stated that the President would take such steps as the facts warranted in safeguarding the treaty rights of the Japanese.

It is pleasant to hear that Mr. Root's note, antedating, as it did, the formal protest of the Japanese Ambassador, has produced an excellent effect in Tokyo. In fact, the tenor of the cable reports from the Japanese capital indicate that the anti-American feeling which found expression at first has largely subsided upon better understanding of the California situation and the attitude of the country at large toward it. It is to be hoped that the entire matter has passed, for the present, at least, into the calmer regions of diplomatic discussion, where it may be dealt with without interference from hotbeds on either side of the Pacific.

It cannot be denied, however, that the attitude of certain elements of the California population toward the Japanese is apt to be a prolific source of trouble in our relations with Japan. Not only the segregation of Japanese from white children in the schools is aimed at, but also the exclusion of Japanese laborers from competition with white laborers. There may be room for difference of opinion as to whether segregation is in contravention of treaty rights, but there can be no doubt about the utter impracticability of excluding the Japanese, as such a policy would not only violate treaty rights, but would wreck our long-time friendship with the Yankees of the Orient and deal a crushing blow to our ambitious trade projects in the far East. We have no idea that the exclusion agitation will receive a moment's countenance from the present administration, or from any American citizen anxious for the good name of his country among the awakening peoples of Eastern Asia.

That New York man who wants to establish a magazine for the insane might save time by stopping a few of those already in circulation.

Make Way for Slinkard.

We welcome to the circle of the elect, to the galaxy of the great, the Hon. William Lycurgus Slinkard, of Indiana. Pull panoplied for mighty deeds of statecraft, Slinkard has been yanked from his law office in Bloomfield by the militant Democracy of the senatorial district comprising the counties of Greene, Owen, and Monroe, and clothed with the authority of his party to make the race for State senator. Right masterfully is Slinkard going on his way. In our esteemed contemporary the Worthington Times—"twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays"—we learn something of Slinkard for the enlightenment of mankind.

The high emprise, the palpitating patriotism, the ideals of statesmanship, the great achievements already recorded in the book of time opposite the name of William Lycurgus Slinkard, are all, no doubt, certainly all-daily set forth by our hero himself in the expansive columns of the Worthington Times. It appears that Slinkard did not know he was to be nominated. We like to think of Slinkard as realizing so completely the ideal of Hoosier statesmanship, which is that the office should and must seek the man. Slinkard has been sought and found. For example, we learn from his letter of acceptance:

"I was not present at the joint senatorial convention, but I was unanimously honored with the nomination, etc."

We do not have to stop here to inquire how Slinkard learned of his nomination. The trump of fame blew it into his startled ears. We hurry on to gleeful contemplation of the immortal principles enunciated by Slinkard, which he classifies under eleven heads. Thus:

"First. The repeal of that part of the drainage law affecting the clearing of ditches and a return to the old law, which has been given an opportunity to be amended."

"Second. The modification of the present fish and game laws and the passage of laws on the subject which give greater privileges to the resident land owners and hunters, and license hunters and foreigners with more rights. I want a fish law where I don't have to measure the fish before I catch it, nor keep my eye skinned all the time to look for bird detectives and game wardens, whose only object is to get the enormous fees provided by law. I believe in making a penalty offense to dynamite fish. I want a game law that I may kill a quail or squirrel for the sick, and shoot rabbits eating my fruit trees without violating the law. Open season for squirrels after October 1st."

"Third. The repeal of that part of the picking law which allows only twenty-four hours for relatives or legal representatives only to claim the body of a dead person, . . . and passage of a humane and merciful law, whereby all citizens of this Commonwealth shall receive decent burial before their relatives, legal representatives, friends, or neighbors, if they choose, upon due and timely notice; or, at the expense of the county of their residence, before they shall be confined to the vault."

We hold that the principles above enumerated are immortal and cannot die. The other seven, as set forth by the Hon. William Lycurgus Slinkard, appeal with equal force to our sense of eternal right and justice, but we shall leave them to Slinkard and his Republican foes, confident that Slinkard will triumph with the right. We then hurry on to principle No. 11:

"Eleventh. The maintenance of the honor of the Hoosier State, for the protection and perpetuation of her institutions upon an economic and moral basis, and the advancement of the Christian religion."

We now turn to a consideration of Slinkard's autobiographical sketch. He was born February 13, 1854, in a little cabin made of ordinary logs, situated on the banks of First Creek. The first years of his childhood were spent in and about the old Slinkard water mill on First Creek. His father and mother are both living at Newberry, where they moved from the flouring mill and saw mill—an old upright saw mill. At the age of nineteen he taught one winter at the White schoolhouse in Cass township. The winter following he taught the "in-hook school," a distance of two miles from his home, waking night and morning and eating a cold dinner. During the same winter he

A LITTLE NONSENSE

BE JOYFUL.
Don't be glum and gloomy;
Let your troubles slip;
Cultivate a rosy,
Wide, expansive grin.
If you lose your money
Through somebody's gaffe,
Laugh and call it funny
And smile, smile, smile.

Be as bright and cheery
As a Cheshire cat.
You will make folks weary
Sure. But what of that?
Take a lesson of sorrow;
Swallow all your bile.
Whistle down the morrow
And smile, smile, smile.

All the birds that scribble
Gayety adore.
They would have us dribble
Mirth from every pore.
Sing and chuckle and howl
Now are all the style.
Be a friendly fellow,
And smile, smile, smile.

The Firemen Deserve Consideration.
The appeal of the firemen for a schedule which will allow them a little more liberty ought to be heeded by the authorities. These men deserve every consideration. All that they ask is that they shall be allowed twenty-four hours off in every four days and one night off in every twelve days.

The Washington fire department is an efficient, well-managed institution, administered by a veteran fireman who has experience, and who daily manifests intelligence and fidelity. Under his direction the force has, thus far, been equal to all emergencies, and there is no reason to doubt a continuance of its splendid service. In some unexplained manner, however, the force has been neglected. It is small in number, and, with the exception of a few new structures, is badly housed. There was not even any movement for an increased pay for the men until after the effort to raise the salaries of the policemen had been taken definite shape. It may be that the freedom from prophetic fires which Washington has always enjoyed has dulled the keenness of our dependence upon these men, but surely even this does not explain the negligence of the authorities.

In the present case it is said that the desired leave cannot be granted because of the inadequacy of the force. It seems to us that this excuse, now made for the first time, could have been obviated long ago by an appeal to Congress. We hope that the matter will be presented at the next session with proper emphasis, and that the result will be satisfactory.

Japan would not make a mistake by giving serious consideration to the words of John Lawrence Sullivan about the fate of the man who goes into the ring once too often.

The Connellville Courier boasts: "We have a \$100,000 hoard. Things are coming our way." What sort of things? Counts and dukes and things?

The American Bankers' Association adjourned without solving the problem of "how to get more money in emergencies." We know other folk who have frequently adjourned without solving the same problem.

An enthusiastic Chicago man threatens to "appeal to the juries of the country, rather than stand for the proposed fire-fighters' combine." It may yet become necessary for the combine to pack the juries along with its other products.

It will be noticed that no one has had the nerve so far to advocate simplified baseball gibberish.

Three Columbia students used up about three columns of space in the New York Evening Post telling why they "are against Hearst." They ought to wait until next commencement, when they would undoubtedly be listened to "with marked and well-merited attention."

"Learn to do by doing," says the Indianapolis Sun. Exactly; but be careful about picking out the ones you expect to do.

Mr. Bryan declares that Mr. Roosevelt has adopted all his policies, and now all that is necessary to complete the President's greatness is a Democratic House. Mr. Bryan evidently expects to go down in history as a near-President, if not a President.

"I desire to preserve the Democracy," says Mr. Hearst. And yet many Democrats contend that he is getting it into a pretty pickle.

President Castro is said to be quite well again. The reported arrival of a man with a million dollars' worth of goods, and a cabinet about his person, was bound to bring the President round.

Another of George Washington's servants has passed away. Judging from the number that have passed away, we infer that he found it necessary to change just as often as we latter-day folks.

Scientific experiment has demonstrated that fresh eggs contain many microbes. In selecting fresh eggs in preference to the cold storage kind, the microbes again demonstrate just how wise and foxy he can be when occasion demands.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband "blacked both her eyes and smashed her nose." With the eyes and the nose both claiming equal attention, naturally she calls for a division of the house.

Mr. Hearst solemnly warns his New York followers to "beware of money." They are doubtless constantly on the lookout for it.

A South Carolina clergyman omitted his customary sermon, and asked his congregation to excuse him, for the reason that he had been so busy attending weddings the week before that he hadn't time to prepare one. The excuse ought to be sufficient; weddings are more important than sermons.

The Ute Indians, who seem very hard to control this year, probably took their cue from the Tammany bosses.

"The Republican brass like the Pittsburgh millionaires," says an Alabama exchange. The Republicans are no particular about picking their millionaires this year as they usually are.

Another reason for a third term for Mr. Roosevelt is that it would give Mr. Cortelyou a chance to complete his round of the Cabinet.

French experts contend that the submarine is a great success, notwithstanding the fact that it generally fails to come up when it once goes down. The operation is a beautiful and brilliant success, even though the patient does usually die.

The first issue of Mr. Patterson's Daily Socialist announces that a financial panic is at hand. Evidently some of the delegates of the newspaper business are already beginning to dawn upon Editor Patterson.

Miss Anna Held is very angry because the public speaks so freely of the loss of her diamonds. In fact, she intimates that this is positively her farewell loss.

New York chauffeurs are on a strike. How in the world do you suppose the walking delegates ever got to them?

A fashionable Ohio clubwoman has married a barber, but even that formidable combination will have a hard time out-talking the neighbors.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

NEGRO WOMAN HONORED.

Tribute of Southern Women to a Loved and Faithful Dependence.
From the Augusta Chronicle.
In Alabama, last week, an aged negro died—"Aunt" Clarissa. Following her remains to the grave were, among other vehicles, six carriages occupied by the leading white women of the community. On her grave there were piled myriads of floral tributes, the finest display of offerings of the kind ever seen in that section of the country. Twenty-five wives of farmers and business men heard the sermon over the grave, by "Aunt" Clarissa's negro pastor. The pastor, among other things, said:
"Much is said of the race problem, of the present and future relations of the black men and the white men. I am willing to say that if all negroes lived the life this dead sister has lived, the race problem would be solved."
"Aunt" Clarissa was eighty years of age at the time of her death. For fifty years she had lived in one white man's service. She had cared for his wife and children and grandchildren. She was the person in the household who handled the money. She rendered accounting to no one. She paid herself her own salary. She saved all she made. She was more than a slave. She was a friend.
It is said that at the burial to the sob and tears of relatives were added the manifestations of sorrow of the white women, and that the lady in whose home "Aunt" Clarissa had lived was deep in anguish. This is a suggestive picture in contrast with the cry of negro orators and politicians that is heard these days—the cry of the negro who claims that his race is down trodden by the white man. "Aunt" Clarissa lived a life of integrity, of usefulness, and of uprightness. In life and in death she was accorded honor and respect.

FLATS CAUSE INSANITY.

Alleged to Run Farms a Go! Second in Filing the Asylums.

From the Chicago Post.
The flat has another thing to answer for. It fills the insane asylum. Such at least is the statement of William C. Graves, secretary of the Illinois state board of charities.
"The city women who go to the insane asylums go from flats," was the statement of Mr. Graves. "For years it has been said that the flat is the great foe of the women's ward in the asylum. Now the flat buildings are running the farms a good second."
"At first thought the farm and the flat may seem to be far removed from each other, but they aren't except by mere distance in miles. The monotony and the loneliness which characterize the one are features of the other. Isolation is the thing which drives women crazy. And the woman in a flat is isolated even as the woman on a farm is."
"From the monotony and the loneliness grow unbearable, melancholia sets in, and that is one of the hardest forms of insanity to overcome; much more stubborn and unresponsive to treatment than the more violent forms of dementia."

Insurance Companies on Defensive.

From the Boston Transcript.
The officials of these companies have been put on the defensive, not merely with respect to their administrative policy but also on account of the arbitrary methods employed to compel their general agents to sink their own independent opinion and make these officials' personal representatives. They have been compelled to make numerous explanations that do not fully explain and deny purposes that were only too plainly manifest in that line of tactics that has been pursued. The next two months will be a period of great activity in these insurance circles. The voting will drag out, more than an English parliamentary election, but the field is so wide there is no help for it.

Repulsive Tactics in Insurance.

From the Boston Transcript.
The Mutual Life has adopted the most repulsive tactics known to politics to mislead its policy holders. It has put every obstacle in the way of reaching them. Its lists have been imperfect, and from the number of letters returned the addresses in thousands of cases must have been false. Rarely if ever before have the worst expedients of politics been so boldly resorted to in what should be purely a business transaction. The management has resorted to every possible device to prevent a fair expression of opinion on the part of those who are most concerned in it. The International Policy Holders' ticket represents a wholesome protest against the heartism of administration tactics.

Segregation No Bar to Comity.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
Racial differences are ineradicable, and there are abundant reasons why they must be so. The Oriental human product is so totally different from the Occidental that any attempt at amalgamation is bound to result in failure. This is not to say that one race is necessarily better than the other, but the differences have to be recognized, and it is the failure to do so that constitutes the great cause of the racial conflicts of our own time. When Japan recognizes that political and international comity can exist without the racial intermingling of her people with those of the white races, she will lose the superstitious agitation over California's exclusion of some Japanese pupils from the public schools.

Selecting His Nose.

From Tit-Bits.
A young gentleman, recently engaged to the girl he adored, unfortunately had his nose broken while playing cricket. A doctor was hastily summoned, but the victim the accident would not accept of his service until he had received an answer to a telegram just dispatched. Two hours later the reply came. It was from his lady love, and the young gentleman handed to the doctor, saying, resignedly:
"Go ahead now!"
The reply to the wire was: "Have nose set, Roman, do not like Greek—Ada."

Lord Political Thinks.

From the Rochester Herald.
John Sharp Williams says that Mr. Bryan's government ownership theory is "simply Mr. Bryan's private opinion." "It doesn't seem to have been kept very private, however," observes The Washington Herald. It simply shows that Mr. Bryan thinks alone and nowadays thinks are aloud in politics.

Different Views.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.
"What are you crying about, my dear?"
"I have just been reading the old love letters you sent me before we were married."
"How strange. I was reading them myself the other day and they convulsed me with laughter."

His Chief Interest.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
"Yes, he was pretty well fixed at one time, but he got silver-crazy in 1896 and he hasn't been the same since."
"I suppose he's still interested in 'free silver' at 16 to 1."
"No, he's more interested now in 'free lunch' 12 to 1."

In Russia.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"How far off is the Hotel Gaspeski?"
"Not far, moujik."
"Well, how far?"
"About a bomb's throw."

Happy.

From Megander's Blatter.
Mrs. Newlywed—My husband admires everything about me; my voice, my eyes, my form, my hands!
Friend—And what do you admire about him?
Mrs. Newlywed—His good taste.

A Dual Tragedy.

Said the duke to the duchess, "Me money's all spent."
Pray drop me a son' in me mitt."
To the duke said the duchess, "You don't get a cent."
Said his duket, "Then here's where I quit!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fixed.

From the Philadelphia Press.
"But," said the good old lady, "why don't you go to work?"
"Why, ma'am," began the disreputable old loafer, "yer see, I got a wife an' five children to support—"
"But how can you support them if you can't go to work?"
"As I was a sayin'," lady, I got a wife an' five children to support me."

Biddy, Biddy.

From the Christian Register.
No one could imagine what a speaker meant when he said, "Biddy, biddy," and then stopped, and after a moment of confusion said, "Biddy, biddy," and then, with scariest face and coldly perspiring brow, gasped out, "Biddy, biddy, biddy doo!" Then he had to sit down and rest awhile before he could say, "Did he bid adieu?"

Let It Grow.

From the Kansas City Times.
First Bug—Who on earth is that long-haired individual?
Second Bug—That's Mr. Caterpillar. He made a freak election pledge ten years ago never to cut his hair until W. J. Firefly becomes President.

Planted and Growing.

From Life.
"Is it true that the President's yacht, the Mayflower, is aground?"
"I hadn't heard of it."
"Well, this paper says that she went to New York city and took Root there."

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HEARD AT HOTELS.

A successful young lawyer of Southern Alabama, Mr. R. E. L. Cope, a guest of the Hotel Willard, told a Herald man some interesting things regarding his section of the South.

"I live," said he, "in Bullock County, which is in the heart of the black belt of our State. There are about five negroes in the county to every white, but what we lack in numbers I am proud to say we make up in quality of citizenship. Union Springs, my home town, has the handsome public school building of any town in Alabama, and our teachers get the highest salaries. We have some men among us also who have done things that should result in benefit to the whole South if the people of Dixie will only profit by good example."
"For instance, I might mention what has been accomplished by one of our worstest men, a farmer named Turnipseed, whose estate is but a few miles out of town. Some years ago Mr. Turnipseed bought up a big tract of land ordinarily classed as worthless, being in the sandy soil region, the other side of what is locally styled the 'ridge,' the chain of hills which separate the poor lands from the richer prairie country, a division that extends from the Atlantic to the Rockies. He had conceived the idea that an industrious and persistent planter would be able to make a fortune by growing on this poor dirt peaches, strawberries, pomegranates, and other fruits. The thinner the soil the better it is for peaches. "Well, he has made a tremendous success of his venture, having 12.5 acres in peaches, on which he grows the most magnificent fruit and from which he will some day derive a princely revenue. As it is, he has made a profit of \$20,000 a year from his various products. Next to peaches he is most deeply interested in growing something that few Southern farmers have ever given attention to—peanuts. He has a crop of pecan trees, averaging ten trees to the acre, and they are now bearing handsomely. From some of these trees Mr. Turnipseed gets enormous nuts of such size and so full of oil as to bring him the fancy price of \$2 a pound. Just a single tree netted him this year \$25. The very commonest nuts bring 12-15 cents a pound, and for the better grades 25 cents is the ruling price."

"From what you say, it is a shame the world wants; no nut begins to equal them, and the demand is and always will be far and away in excess of the supply. There are immense districts in the South where the people are growing them, but the culture is not at all difficult. With such a chance of producing a crop for which a ready cash return is certain it seems strange that more people do not embark in the business."

"A blotter, please," said a well-dressed gentleman, who stood in front of the obliging hotel clerk in one of Washington's finest establishments. The clerk dived down into a drawer and pulled forth the required article. It was of virgin freshness, and in color the bluest blue. The guest looked at it askance.

"Can't you give me a white blotter?" he said. After some search the clerk was unable to find a white one, and the man finally had to take the one first offered, but he did it with manifest reluctance. As he moved away to his epistolary labors, the clerk smiled and remarked: "It simply beats anything how curiously men will act, even in trivial matters. That blotter I gave him was as good in quality as I haven't any other; he simply did not fancy it because of its color. Superstition? Not a doubt of it. Why, you'd be surprised to know what queer bugs are in the brains of people of seemingly high intelligence. And, strangely enough, the more education they have these odd ones. I have been in the hotel business many years, and I don't remember encountering any superstitious women. But the men? Where! Every day you run across some kilted idiot who is afraid of a Jonah."

"Why only yesterday a strapping fellow, elegantly dressed, gave me a joit from which I haven't yet recovered. Money was no object, and I gave him a first-class room. The fellow went ahead to deposit his traps. In a few seconds down came Mr. Man, and approaching me quite close, said, 'I want a room first-rate, but you'll have to change me.' "What's the trouble?" I said. "Trouble? Oh, nothing, except that blasted boy had to go and play the umbrella game in the middle of the bed. Do you think I could ever sleep in the bed after that?"

"It's our business to agree with folks, so I apologized for the servant's indiscretion, and the man, who was perfectly satisfied, the man gladly accepting a much inferior room, but with a bed innocent of contact with his umbrella."

Mr. George C. McIntosh, who owns and publishes two daily newspapers in Charleston, and weekly papers in Fayetteville and Raleigh, W. Va., was seen last evening at the Raleigh. Mr. McIntosh is one of the ablest statesmen in the South, and he has also been prominent for years in Republican politics, being chairman of the committee of the Third Congressional district.

"The coming of elections," he said, "are bound to result in West Virginia in a big Republican triumph. I think we shall elect a solid delegation to Congress, for though there is a pretty stiff fight being put up by the Democrats in the Second district, it is conceded that all the chances are in favor of George C. Sturges, the Republican nominee. In our district Mr. Gaines will have an easy trip."

At the Raleigh is Mr. G. R. Martin, assistant controller of the Great Northern Railway, with headquarters at St. Paul. He is in Washington as a member of a committee of railway experts, who were asked by the Interstate Commerce Commission to get up its best plan, and that of the railways, a plan of classification of operating expenses so as to secure a uniformity of reports by the roads, as required by the Hepburn bill.

"Our part of the country," said Mr. Martin, "is in fine fix, the only trouble being that we can't get it any better. Andrew Jackson, and from old Hickory down had never failed to support the Democratic ticket from President to constable. But he said that this year he had no liking for the ticket named at Buffalo, and not wishing to break the habit of a lifetime, he had deliberately failed to register."

Among the prominent Hebrews who have come to Washington to help commemorate the seventieth birthday of Hon. Simon Wolf, are Mr. and Mrs. Rosinsky, of Boston; J. R. Klein, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and Messrs. Charles Hartman and Sol Sulzberger, of New York, all of whom are at the Arlington.